

Autumns Here
Hawksley Workman

Got this from another site, the chords sound good to me. Not sure about what he
s
got written for the bridge though.

Autumns Here v1
Hawksley Workman

G# Eb Bbm C#

You can tell by the wind,
By fresh cut wood all stacked to dry,
That autumn s here,
It makes you sad about the crumby summer we had,
With pine trees creaking,
The ravens screeching,
Just like the story my grandma tells,
About when a bird hits your window,
And someone you know is about to die,
That autumn s here, autumns here, it s ok if you want to cry,
‘Cause autumns here, autumns here, autumns here

G# Eb Bbm C#

So f ind a swe ater and you‘ll be better,
Until the kindling is tinder dry,
We can be quite as we walk down,
To see the graveyard where they are now,
I wonder how they brought their piano
To Holding Hill from old Berlin
Be hard to keep it, it well in tune,
With winters like the one that s coming soon
‘Cause autumns here, autumns here, autumns here
Its time to cry now that autumn s here,
And autumns here, autumns here,
Its ok if you want to cry ‘cause autumns here

(Bridge - A# - C … trumpets, yadda, yadda, yadda…)

G# Eb Bbm C#

I th ink that ghosts like the colder weather,
When leaves turn colour they get together,
And walk along these,
These old back roads,
Where no one lives there and no one goes
With all there hopes set on the railway
That never came there and no one stayed
I guess that autumn gets you remembering,
And the smallest things can make you cry
And autumns here, autumns here, autumns here, and autumns here,

Autumns here, its time to cry ‘cause autumns here, oh oh oh,
Autumns here, autumns here, its ok now, cause autumns here.